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March

The glory of morning is glowing on high,
The wind in the pine tree, the brook sliding by,
And the scent of the spring is abroad.

On north sloping pastures the snow-banks still lie,
But fluttering wings in the thicket I spy,
And there's life throbbing up through the sod.
A. M. H.



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“Be happy and you will be good.”

Blackboard Drawing

To teachers and those intending to teach, blackboard drawing is a topic of considerable importance. The facility with which drawings can be made, the ease with which they may be changed, and the inexpensiveness of the materials required render it a very efficient medium of expression.

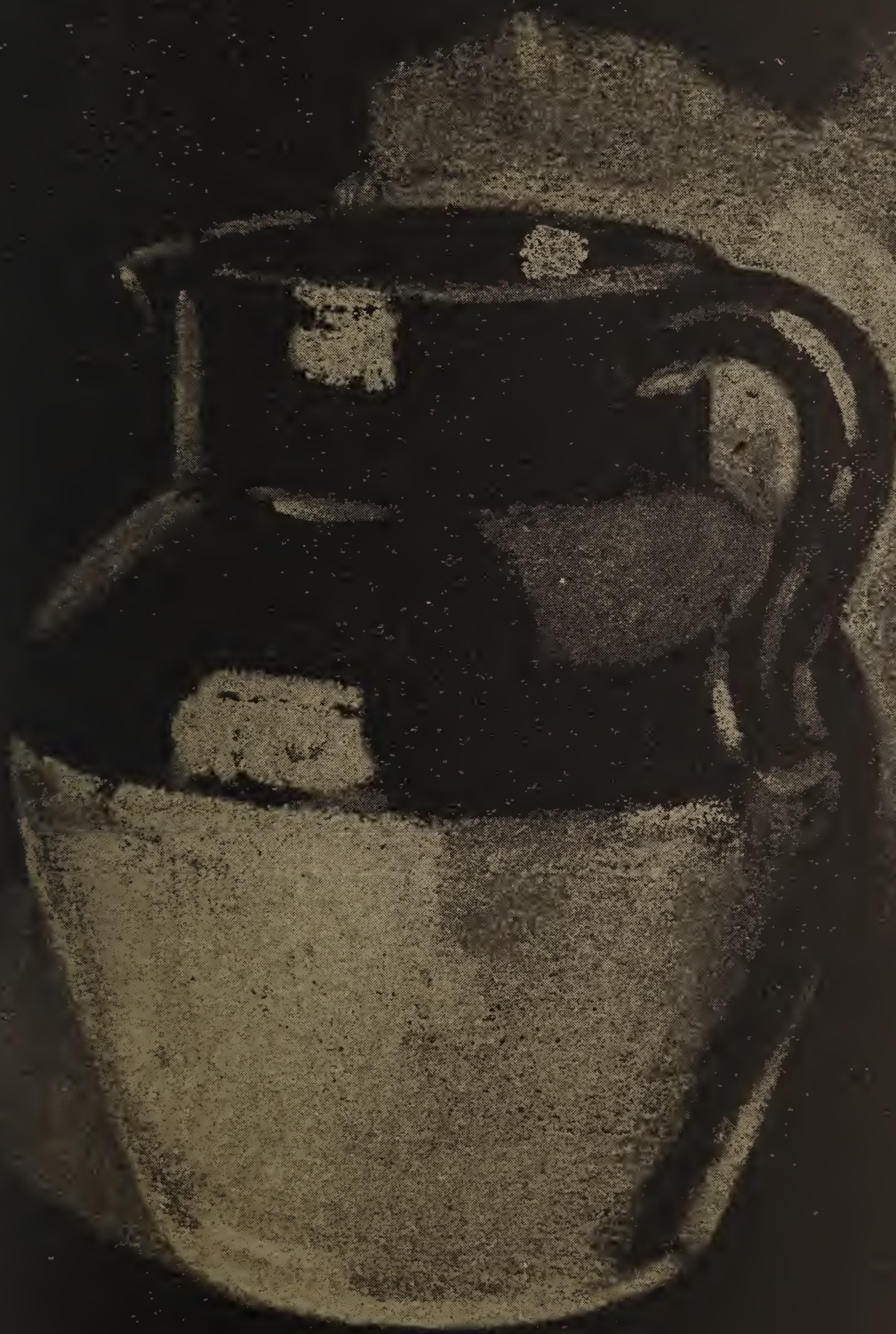
Since drawings upon the blackboard may be made very large, it offers an excellent opportunity for learning to see form and to draw it. There is, however, one phase of it which seems to have had very little attention. In almost all of the blackboard drawing one sees, the values are reversed; that is, the shadows and dark parts of the drawing are usually made white. This is an error into which one readily falls. The reason for it is simple enough—that in working on a white surface with a dark medium, we put in the dark masses and leave out the lights; and in going from that to blackboard drawing, while the conditions are exactly reversed, the same method of procedure has been continued.

On the blackboard, where we render objects with a light medium upon the dark surface, the rational thing to do is to render lights and leave the darks. Once it is carefully studied, it is no more difficult than the other way, and it is much more effective and true in values.

The frontispiece of this number shows what can be done with a simple piece of still life by rendering it in the manner just described. Begin by indicating the proportions very lightly, then by applying the light to the strong whites and carrying it over to the half lights. The thin, gray tone may be applied by the thumb dipped in chalk dust. If these lights are not the shape required, they may be cut out with charcoal or strengthened with chalk. The strongest blacks are put in with charcoal. Thus we have a drawing in its actual values, instead of a reversed or negative drawing, such as we so often see. It is not necessary that the entire outline of the object appear in the drawing, but only enough to suggest the form, as shown in the illustration.

The first effort in this direction may not prove as satisfactory as the old way, but a little persistence will show that by proceeding in this way you can improve your blackboard drawing very much, if you have been making negative, instead of positive, drawings.

Note the lack of solid outlines in the illustrations. See how the entire picture is made a matter of masses and tones, instead of lines.



“What in me is dark, illumine; what is low, raise and support.”

Where a line will express a characteristic better than a mass, a line should be used; where a mass will best express it, a mass should be used. But let us get away from the thought of rendering all our blackboard drawings in solid white lines with reversed order of light and shade.—C. S. Hammock, author “The Parallel Course Drawing Books” and “The Manual Arts for Elementary Schools.”

Neighbors

Early morning vespers at three o'clock.

We do not have to leave the house to have the full benefit of all the wonderful music. Perhaps it is Song Sparrow or Sir Robin whose notes first herald this day-dawn; but no one soloist holds our attention for long. One by one the new voices are added until the music swells and reverberates through all the air as these happy birds renew their morning praise.

Now it is the song-sparrow that clearly defines its song above all others, only to be superseded by the clear, varied notes of the cat-bird. And at intervals, as the different songsters pause a space of time, we catch familiar tones of bluebird, thrush, finch, or oriole.

What a glorious beginning for a day! The songs continue till it is nearly time for the sun; then all is quiet for a season, while people and birds alike are getting breakfast.

Right at our doorstep comes the “Chip, chip” of the little hair-bird. We throw out crumbs to him, and when he is satisfied with his foraging expedition, he retires to a neighboring apple tree and gives voice to his love and contentment in a long, vibrating trill.

Again come the happy, thrilling notes of the song-sparrow. Thoreau interprets this song into “Maids, maids, maids; hang on your tea-kettle, tea-kettle—ettle—ettle!” Isn't the day brighter for the presence of this little bird in his woodsy brown garb?

There is a slender little bird flitting about the elm tree, and we do not wait long before we hear what he has to offer. Perching among the topmost branches, he delivers his musical chant, the popular rendering of which gives this little songster a ministerial reputation. Accordingly, we hear him sing: “You see it—you know it—do you hear me?” This vireo, or preacher-bird, as he is sometimes called, so closely resembles the leaves that were it not for his darting movements one could scarcely discover him; and his song seems to come from all directions.

**"Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week." —
*Longfellow.***

But a much more tantalizing little fellow of the woodlands is the oven-bird. We take our favorite walk in the cool depths of the woods, and perhaps are fortunate enough to hear the "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher!" come ringing through the shade. One seldom claims anything but an acquaintance with that rising crescendo, which seems to come from a distance and then near at hand.

The cat-bird peers out at us from the low bushes, but almost immediately from some high treetop comes his brilliant, varied song, which is very much like that of the brown thrush. When he can look so well dressed and sing such beautiful songs, it is hard to impute to him the saucy cat-calls that we hear from the bushes along the roadside.

At intervals during the forenoon, Bluebird has been asserting in his dainty manner that: "Re-al-ly, tru-al-ly—spring-is-here." And Robin is busy, as usual, and hunts for earthworms or sings his happy songs.

The barn swallows skim through the air, their glossy coats showing like flashes in the sunlight; then they flutter in and out the barn-door uttering their staccato trills.

Brown Thrush is a happy songster, and, as the poem has it, declares that "the world is running over with joy." Thoreau says that farmers like the following as a translation of his song: "Drop it, drop it—cover it up, cover it up—pull it up, pull it up, pull it up."

In my trip to the berry-field I watch for the beautiful ground robin; and if in the low bushes I catch a flitting shape or hear the familiar "che-wink," I feel an added pleasure.

There is an exhilaration in the far-away cry of the hawk coming down out of the very highest reach of sky. Search the blue above, and a graceful, sailing form comes into view. I admire this bird in his very height above us; and his strong, wild call brings to mind great heights of blue ether and of mountains with their pine-clad summits and steep declivities.

"Phoe-be, phoe-be!" and the little brown bird that lives over the carriage house flits across my range of vision in one of his sudden onslaughts on some flying insect. Then he settles on a convenient perch, his tail keeping vigorous time to his "Phoe-be, phoe-be!"

Down on the hillside is an old walnut tree, and from this direction sound the dainty love notes of the yellow-hammer, so repressed and

“What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?” — *Eliot*.

soft: “Flick-er—flick-er—flick-er—flick-er!” with a descending cadence.

Sunshine and gold finches—and the song corresponds to the bird, bright and joyous. He flies about the orchard, going lightly up and down, and trilling his “Co-chee, co-chee, chee, chee!” at each downward undulation.

Baltimore Oriole is flashing among the elm-tree branches. Then high and liquid comes his call, reminding us of the notes of the red-winged blackbird, whose mellow tones suggest that he loves the meadow and marshland. Go to the meadow, and there comes to us the well-loved “Co-kl-tree!”

Meantime we are conscious of a “Caw-caw-caw!” Mr. Crow has settled down on a bar-way to reconnoitre, and his vigorous “Caw” may sound a warning to his fellow-workers of the grain field. He is a sociable bird, and we forgive him the few grains of corn he gets, and adopt him into our outdoor landscape.

The sun is near its setting, and soft lullabies are sounding the close of a busy, happy day, when there comes a long, vibrating sound like a circular saw cutting into a giant log. The sound also resembles that made by a spinning wheel when turned very rapidly. The night hawk sails from the upper air, making this booming sound in its rapid descent.

And now is the time for the whippoorwill. He sleeps all day in some quiet wood, and in the twilight comes out to the open for insects. Sometimes the bird comes close up to the house, and then his call is so loud and energetic that it thrills and startles one. It is when he is retreating and the notes come faintly over the field that there is a fascination and weirdness in his call. In my opinion, he lends an enchanting note to a summer evening.

But the frogs have ere this opened their evening concert, and a merry riot of peeping is going on down in the meadow. When the vigor of the refrain is lost in one direction, it swells in another quarter with renewed enthusiasm. Sometimes a heavy bass is heard to declare in guttural tones: “Better-go-round, better-go-round!” Only a moment later giving us full and cogent reasons, “Knee-deep, knee-deep!”

Night draws closely down, but the world is alive with sound. Occasionally we catch the minor tones of insects humming and pine trees murmuring. Again comes “Whippoorwill” sounding faintly over the fields, and in my dreams I hear the echo—“whip-poor-will.”

C. P. Chase.

"No man is useless while he has a friend."

The German Exhibition

By Sophie Fisher

The exhibition of "Contemporary German Art" was opened to the public on March 3, for three weeks, at Copley hall. "It has been organized under the auspices of the German government, with the special sanction of the emperor, for the purpose of making the American public better acquainted with the achievements of contemporary German artists."

In America the standards at the present time are almost exclusively French. Modern German art is generally misunderstood, because one does not enter into its spirit. The German artists of the nineteenth century were concerned with what they painted, and not how they should paint it, as did their French contemporaries.

Some of the strongest German artists are represented at the exhibition, but not all of their best works. The splendid picture by Wilhelm Leibl, of "Two Dachauer Women," is a most truthful representation, having fine tone qualities. Leibl was a realist, and for accuracy of vision and surety of stroke he stood much closer to Holbein than his colleagues, for he centred his attention on what should give the spectator the impression of the original.

Bochlin's pictures represent Germany's poetic and idealistic art, which is at once seen in the oil painting, "Singing Sea," which portrays his love of myth and fable. The famous portrait of himself is romantic in conception. "Bochlin literally remade the world of art after his own image."

Adolf von Menzel's art is the practical and realistic. His pictures show astonishing versatility. A large canvas by Max Liebermann, "Flax Barn at Laren," shows splendid draughtsmanship. His work has remained personal and individual, in spite of the many influences from without.

Fritz von Uhde's painting, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," shows the peasants as they are to-day, with Christ among them; thus giving the picture at the same time spirituality and reality. A fine interior is by Ludwig Dettmann, "The Sacrament," beautifully painted and well handled. The large, powerful painting of "Oxen," by Heinrich Zugel, is full of light and motion. Hans Olde's painting of "Sheep" has a fine atmospheric effect. The portrait of Emperor William II., by Arthur Kampf, is a well-executed painting and a true likeness.

Continued on page 111



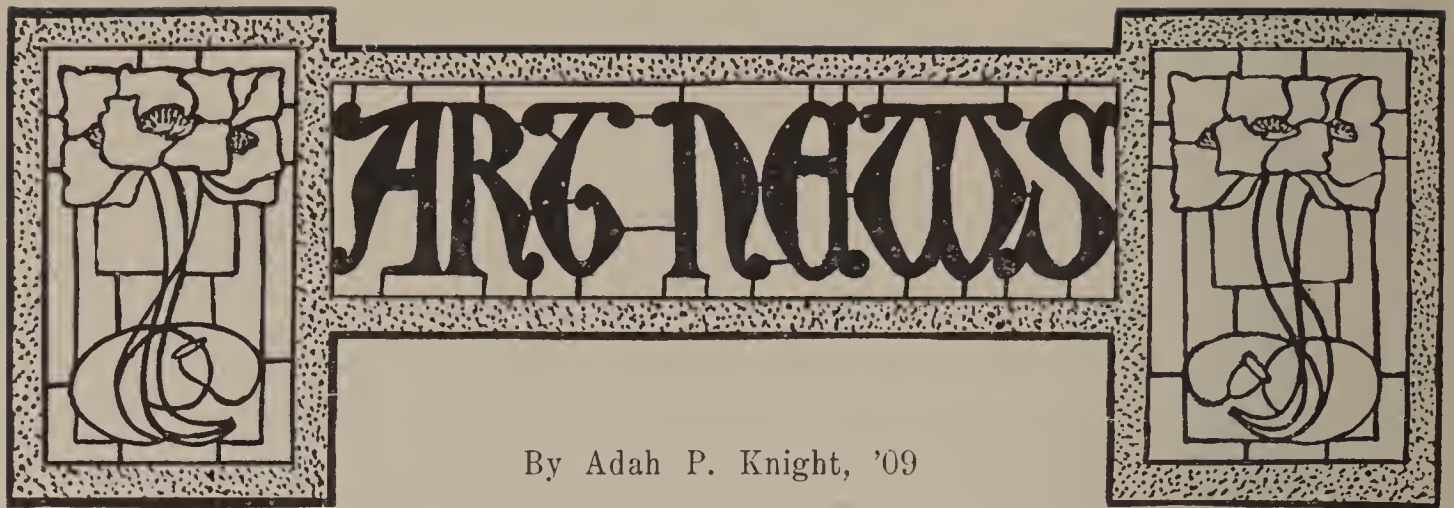
The approach of spring means the arrival of good intentions on the part of students in regard to outdoor sketching. The intentions remain good, but are not always carried out; so that at the merging of spring into summer, the portfolios of most of us are lacking in those personal mementos of nature. During the warmer spring days it is a good plan to utilize one's spare time in this matter of sketching; moreover, it is wise to take advantage of an instructor's criticism, so that the mistakes of spring will not show through all of the summer's fuller work.

What a capital idea! A play is to be given by the pupils of the school, under the direction of the Senior class, with the assistance of the other classes. Why shouldn't art students be good impersonators? We may look forward to this event with a great deal of pleasure.

The cover design this month was drawn by Edward I. Valantic, of Mr. Munsell's studio.

The Athletic Association, through the CENTRE OF VISION, wishes to thank the students-at-large for their earnest support, financially, at the auction sales.

The May number will be a Manual Arts number, which will undoubtedly be the best number of the year. Through the courtesy of C. S. Hammock and A. G. Hammock of D. C. Heath & Company many illustrations and reading will appear.



By Adah P. Knight, '09

[From Philip L. Hale, on "The Water-Color Exhibit."]

A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than the work of Mr. McKnight and that of Mr. Spear, which was on exhibition at the same time within a few doors of each other on Newbury street. That of the one was brilliant, at first sight crude. The whole gallery was full of blues, purples, reds, and oranges, which had a truly "stunning" effect. We are sure that one of our teachers would say: "Such colors do not produce visual ease," while another teacher we have would say: "Doesn't it sing! My George! doesn't that get up and shout!" Yes, they do get up and shout, and we were overwhelmed. Mr. Spear's work, on the other hand, was so very quiet! The tower on the Park-street church is painted with pigeons circling about it. There is very little change in value or color. The arrangement is delicate and well balanced. "The Flounder Fleet, T Wharf," is another Boston subject. Oh, yes, indeed, fellow-students, there is much here in Boston that we could paint if we only would.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language."

Every Art student loves and interprets Nature as best he can, and to share that love of Nature is one of his joys. Truly, to see a beautiful painting is to share the artist's love of what he paints, and to revive the memory of happy days out of doors in loving study of the various aspects of Nature.

The paintings lately on exhibition at the Twentieth Century Club are delightful landscapes, and show in a remarkable degree the pure joy of working that the artist has, and his faithful interpretation of the moods and qualities of summer days. R. R. Howard, the artist, is a Western man, now living in Jamaica Plain. He has been a student at the Museum School, working in the summer at Mystic, Conn. Most of his pictures are of that locality, but a few are painted from the shores of Jamaica Pond. It is hardly possible for us, as students, to analyze the pleasure we have in these paintings, but we know it is there, and that

“Affairs succeed by patience, and he that is hasty falleth headlong.”

it corresponds to the pleasure we have in the real out-of-doors. We wish Mr. Howard success and growing power.

[Exhibit at St. Botolph Club, William M. Paxton.]

Who has not longed to have his work clear, precise, and deft? One who succeeds pre-eminently in all these qualities is William M. Paxton. Leonardo says: “Be as careful of the light in your picture as you would be of a rare jewel.” “The Yellow Jacket” is certainly a rare jewel—it seems so clear in its quality of light. “Down Along the Beach” is a symphony of sunlit colors—sky-green and sea-blue surrounding the low yellow of the sand and scarlet summer houses. “The Afternoon Mail” and “The Letter and the Listener” are interiors very realistic in their rendering and nice in drawing.

“The Glow of Rose and Gleam of Pearl” is a glorious painting—it should be seen to be appreciated, for no second-hand knowledge by means of description would serve instead of the actual sight of its beauties.

[Doll & Richards.]

Miss Bailey is always anxious to have her classes see the best water-colors on exhibition, and has directed us to the gallery where F. Hopkinson Smith’s paintings were shown.

Those who have read “Peter,” and have heard that the artist was a civil engineer, are perhaps surprised to learn that the artist, F. Hopkinson Smith, is the same man. Miss Bailey says he takes a vacation from bridge-building in the summer, and it is then that he paints the pictures.

He is a versatile man, we think, and his success in the different branches would seem to say: “Go thou and do likewise.” To those who have visited the Continent the pictures have the added charm of association with the pleasures of foreign traveling.

The German Exhibition

Continued from page 108

Edmund von Mach, in his lecture recently said: “The richness of modern German art is one of the pleasantest surprises for the student. The art of painting in Germany has never been in such good hands as it is to-day.”

This exhibition is distinctly German, no imitation of modern French art.

“I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest.”

“Bos’n Bob”

By Lillian Holden

It was during a summer spent at Pollock’s Point several years ago that I met “Bos’n Bob.” Scarcely had I alighted from the old ramshackle stage, when I heard a shrill voice down the street calling: “Bob, Bos’n Bob, don’t ye go home till ye’ve hed some supper.”

Too tired and hungry to wonder then who “Bos’n Bob” might be, I entered the little old tavern, ate my first Pollock Point supper of fried fish and blueberry cake, and retired. On awakening the next morning, however, “Bos’n Bob” again caught my ear, this time from beneath my window. I raised the curtain cautiously and glanced out to ascertain who the “bos’n” might be. Standing upon the steps below, I saw a huge, rugged figure in short pea-jacket and overalls, a battered straw hat upon his head, and hands at mouth forming a trumpet from which came the stentorian tones which had aroused me!

“Ahoy thar’, shipmate! Steer ‘er int’ harbor an’ drop anchor!” Looking farther for the object of his remarks, I saw a scrawny yellow dog, followed by a small, thin little figure hobbling up the street on crutches, its slender, pipestem legs seldom touching the ground! So nimbly did he use his substitutes, however, that before I realized it, he was underneath my window. So this was “Bos’n Bob!” A freckled face, with a turn-up nose and deep, sea-blue eyes, surmounted the poor, deformed shoulders, and atop of all a thick, rebellious shock of red curls, bleached by sun and wind to the regulation carrotty shade.

When I went down to breakfast the lad was still there, perched on the broad hitching post by the steps.

“So you’re Bos’n Bob, are you?” I said, acknowledging Aunt Betsey’s form of introduction: “Ef thar ain’t Bos’n Bob a-settin’ on thet post. Seems ‘s if the post’ll wear out afore he does.”

“Yeth, thir, I’m Bob,” the little chap replied, “an’ thith ith Uncle Eph, mate o’ the ‘Bobtail,’ an’ thith,” indicating the dog, “ith Thquint, the crew; thake hands, thir!”

The puppy held out his paw, eyeing me squarely with one eye, while with the other he seemed to be looking over his shoulder for a possible avenue of escape. “He theeth crooked, thir,” explained his proud owner, “cauth he’t h tryin’ to find hith tail,” and surely that must have

“A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.”

been difficult, for even from my vantage point I could see no sign of one.

A few hours in the village sufficed to show me that Bos'n Bob was the idol of the place. He and Squint were always welcome, and no fishing or pleasure party set out on a fair day without according an urgent invitation to the two.

“Of courth they can't go 'thout a bos'n,” said Bob, “an' Thquint an' me ith all there ith at the Point.”

As I was spending the summer at the Point in order to finish a medical review, I saw little of the bright-eyed, cheery little cripple, but Aunt Betsey always had some tale to unfold at meal-time, and sooner or later the lad's name was sure to appear in her narrative.

“Land o' goshun, thet thar childer's ben through enough to swamp a red-head Injun!” she burst out one day. “His ma give him thet hump on his back when he was a baby, dropping him downstairs, an' then prayed the Lord to take it off. Course He didn't do it, but it does seem a speakin' shame that He couldn't a swapped it from poor Bobbie's shoulders onto hers.”

Another time it was: “Thar now, ef I didn't clean forgit to give Uncle Eph thet last week's Bugle. He 'n Bos'n Bob like to read the advertizin' an' the want colyumes. Bob says he likes to know thar's so many things in the world he don't need or want. Land o' goshun, who ever heard o' sech idées! I reckon they was pounded into him along with his hump, though goodness knows his ma can't take no credit for it. But she's dead now, an' can't do him no more harm:—

“‘Angels bright,
In robes of white,
Their vigils keep
While mortals sleep.’”

* * * * *

It was one hot, sultry day in July, after a morning spent upon the water, that I came home and found Uncle Eph tearing up and down the beach watching for me. It seemed that Bob had had an accident. He had seen a boy from a neighboring village stoning Squint, and in hastening to his comrade's rescue had slipped and fallen, striking his poor deformed back upon his crutch as he fell. Tenderly they had carried him to Uncle Eph's cabin and laid the poor little form in the big bunk.

“Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they may see twice as much as they say.”

Uncle Eph had spent his time since then in wild rushes from shanty to shore and from shore to shanty, watching for the first sign of my sail. I found that Bob had wrenched his spine, and that only with care and nursing could he ever hope to walk again, even with his “wooden legs,” as he called them.

July faded away, and August came in with a blaze of heat. Uncle Eph gradually regained some of his old cheeriness as he saw that Bob grew no worse and complained little of pain. Towards the last of the month, one hot, breathless day, a small party of ambitious fishermen set out for Scramble Island on the last pleasure trip of the season. We had persuaded Uncle Eph to take charge of our boat and crew, as Bob assured him that he felt “fine ath a fiddle,” and that he and Squint would have a good time together till he returned. At sunset, after a long, happy day, we sat resting upon the shore. Uncle Eph had just been telling one of his old sea yarns, and we had all resorted to silence and our pipes for a rest before starting home. Suddenly we heard a sound that roused us instantly. The village bell! Could it be a fire? No, those long, mournful notes could have but one significance. The passing bell was tolling for some one, and for whom, the tugging fear at our hearts told us but too well. One—two—three,—with what sympathetic harmony the murmuring of the pines and the wash of the waves upon the sand seemed to re-echo the mournful notes. Six—seven—eight,—how we strained our ears, hoping against hope for just one more stroke! The tolling had ceased. After one swift glance at Uncle Eph at the first sound of the bell, we had all remained silent, motionless, with bowed heads and averted eyes. The eight short years recorded by the old bell might have passed over our hearts as we sat, silent and sorrow-stricken, upon the shore. A fresh, strong wind came over the water, rustling the leaves gently above us, and softly caressing the gray hair upon Uncle Eph’s bowed head. Presently he arose, just as dusk settled around us, and with hard, set face led the way to the boat.

The next day I returned to the city and my work, and soon the customs and habits of city life softened the remembrance of that last day’s experience on Scramble Island.

It was one night in late December that I received a telegram from Aunt Betsey, stating that the “cap’n was pinderin’ away like, and sorter

“Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.”

wanted to see me.” Fearing the seriousness of an occasion inducing Aunt Betsey to make use of that “device o’ Satan,” the telegraph, I set out the next morning for Pollock’s Point.

Again the old stage grumbly deposited me at the inn, but this time in a heavy flurry of snow and with a warm welcome awaiting me from Aunt Betsey. After supper we set out for the shanty and Uncle Eph, for Aunt Betsey reported that “he’d kinder ben sinkin’ like sence mornin’.”

As I sat down beside the old sailor, gaunt and emaciated, I realized that soon the passing bell would be ringing for him. He roused from his stupor and recognized me, but beyond a few desultory remarks did not try to talk. Sitting there at my lonely vigil, I remembered that it was the last night of the old year. When the first sun of the new year rose, Uncle Eph would probably be happier than he had been at all since that August day now so far behind us.

Towards morning the old man roused from his lethargy and began to talk about Bos’n Bob.

“Yes, the lad’ll be thar,” he said, “waitin’ to tow in the old scow. Eight bells, an’ all’s well aboard! He won’t have no need o’ his wooden legs now to bring me int’ port. Ay, ay, sir, I’m comin’—good-by, cap’n,—it’s Bos’n Bob—pipin’ all hands aloft—an’ the old brig must set sail for the last port. Bos’n Bob’s awaitin’ to drop anchor for me—on t’other shore—I shan’t need no compass—with the lad—a-standin’ thar.”

And Uncle Eph’s spirit went to meet Bos’n Bob’s as the first streaks of dawn appeared over Scramble Island.

Museum Note

One of the treasures of the Museum of Fine Arts, a treasure equaled in no other museum in the world, in that it is one of the first specimens of the “lost wax” process of casting in bronze, the process invented by the early Greeks and in use to-day, was shown recently by L. Earle Rowe, docent of the museum, at a lecture which he gave in the gem room upon “Greek Bronze Statuettes as Works of Art.” It is a small bronze head of an athlete, or Apollo, as it is called, and it was cast in the sixth century as a votive offering to the gods. These statuettes, Mr. Rowe explained, are important as indicative of the daily life of the Greeks, in reflecting their styles, ornaments, and head-dresses.

ALUMNI NOTES

Edward A. Fox, 318 Metropolitan Avenue, Roslindale

A king once had a big granary, and then there came a great flight of locusts, and one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, etc. Now we would like very much to know what each and every one of the former students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School are doing with all this corn. Please write to the alumni editor and describe your trials and triumphs.

It delights us to hear that Walter N. Stiles, '07, has been appointed principal of the new American School of Design in this city. His recent curatorships of exhibits should go a great way toward fitting him for his present position. We wish him success.

Mr. George, who has charge of the Design department of the Normal Art School, has moved to his new studio at 144 Boylston street, Boston.

It seems that the present new life at the M. N. A. S. has grown to equal, if not surpass, that of the "Fritz Ried" era. Side issues have been usually more or less lame in our Alma Mater, but the Athletic Association is surely in real earnest, and deserves the solid support of the faculty, alumni, and students.

Roland S. Stebbins is now installed in his new studio on West Newton street.

James K. Bonnar and Walter N. Stiles are contemplating a canoeing trip in Maine during the coming summer.

At the water-color exhibition now being held at the Boston Art Club, the work of several of our former students is represented.

Frederick W. Ried, who has charge of manual training at the Salem

“He who can have patience can have what he will.”—*Franklin*.

Normal School, has also been appointed as teacher of drawing at Hyannis Normal School.

A high school teachers' institute, under the direction of the State Board of Education, was held on January 29, in the English high school, Worcester, Mass. The speakers in the drawing section were Walter Sargent and Frederick L. Burnham. Mr. George H. Martin delivered the opening address.

CLASS NOTES

1909

Sinnett is doing very well, but the class objected when it came to C minus.

Overheard in a beginner's painting class: “Say, I've got a bright idea! Why not mix the paint with a brush instead of stirring up each individual shadow with a palette knife?”

We are very glad to have Miss Fales back again, after a five-weeks' absence in New York and Philadelphia.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Granville Burton (Dorothy Husted, '09) on the birth of a daughter on March 12.

Overheard by an instructor before Lent:—

“I don't think that is much of a sacrifice.”

“What's that?”

“Giving up kissing.”

Where are you going for your color?

Holy Gee! I am glad it's over. What? Psychology.

**“What is thy enterprise, thy aim, thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?”**

Seen Dicky here to-day?

If a radius of a circle is three inches, why, the diameter is a little more!

Some like H—— in the dark better than in the light suit.

Methods of teaching:—

Public School Room, Tuesday.

1. Did you ever see a man carrying a very heavy pail of water, or a woman? What does the other arm do?

2. If the radius of a circle is six inches, is the diameter larger or smaller, and how much?

It showered very heavily at the home of Miss Ruth Kimball February 13. The cause of the shower, which was linen, resulted from the announcement of her engagement to Robert Maguire, of Washington.

Through the efforts of Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Burnham, eight of the girls in the Public School Class are teaching in the Prince School and twelve are in the Perkins School.

1910

Mr. George wants to know what men do with their mouths. What's the answer?

Wrestling matches every Saturday between 12.30 and 2 o'clock, Mr. G——'s studio. Woodbury against Bishop.

Did she fall or was she pushed? Cheer up, Mabel, you can dive.

Mr. Munsell has quite a wonderful studio. An imp, an angel, a monkey, a philosopher, a graphophone, a walking dictionary, and a Worker!!!

1911

They say that silence is golden, but they would have to sink quite a shaft in our studio before they struck pay dirt.

Brown (musingly, looking over his stock of brushes): “I don't see why my mother persists in keeping these insignificant little things.”

We hope all the students have seized the opportunity of studying the one poor exhibition in Mr. Major's studio.

An “Eveless Eden” is no doubt enjoyed by some of them, but we

"It is for want of thinking that we are undone."

think a few of the Adams—in fact, the Adams—would prefer a Paradise of another kind.

Considering the marks in Perspective exam, don't you think most of us had better be prepared to shovel snow?

"Katharine isn't coming down to lunch. She has an orange upstairs."

Mrs. R——: "Is that the only attraction? Are you sure she hasn't a date as well as an orange?"

The girls of Mr. Major's small studio have had on exhibition a picture of the modern "Baby Stuart." Also a cast which shows symptoms of the great Panama Canal disease.

On hearing Mr. H——'s whistle, some one in the studio was heard to remark: "Do you know why he does that? He wants to be a Whistler."

In composition:—

Mr. H——to Miss M——: "Why! haven't you ever trimmed a hat or made a gown?"

Silence.

"Haven't you got any?"

1912

We are all glad to have Miss Anna Monahan back with us again.

Visit the famous Stevens dog kennels. Fine exhibition.

Some people like to be noticed; that's why they wore the big green bows. (What, Algie?)

Miss K—— "My kingdom for a ruler."

Miss C——: "No, you mean a ruler for your kingdom."

Miss M—— to Mr. K—— (coming down stairs with a step ladder): "What have you been doing, trying to climb up to heaven?"

Mr. K——: "Oh, no! I've been trying to climb through Class A."

The many expressions of sorrow from the pupils of the school at the departure of Miss Eglantine Nutting shows how many friends she had made in her short stay here.

A little behind in the rent—Algernon.

Imogene, some one has evidently been doing something behind your back. An attack from the rear—n'est-ce pas?



Clara P. Chase, '09

The Picket continues to give interesting matter concerning its home state. Our circle of exchange extends from Montana to Louisiana and our own East, and it would be possible to get a wide variety of distinctively characteristic sketches.

The Royal Purple for the month contains an article describing a delightful Library Reading Class conducted by the school.

We are glad that the author of the criticism on "Henry VIII." in Harper's leaves us still our Shakespeare undiluted. Critics find it hard to reconcile the style of the different acts of the books. One contention is that Shakespeare was working on "Henry VIII." as an historical drama, when he was asked to write a play of a lighter vein; and not having the time or inclination to do this, gave his unfinished work to Fletcher to revise and finish.

The author of the article in Harper's satisfies our loyalty to Shakespeare, however, by his reasonable views concerning this difference in style. He ventures the opinion that the varying styles are due to the fact that the several acts were compositions of widely-separated periods in Shakespeare's career, and that the weakness of the drama is due to his losing interest when the nature of the production was changed from the historical work first contemplated.

Some one has said that leisure is the source of all good work. In these days leisure means time to live up to a high standard, to get acquainted with one's self and the world and forces of Nature. Thought is paramount in this ideal. Leisure and new realms are open to him who has the gift to read.